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THE OLD, OLD STORY.

AN SEANN, SEANN SGEUL,

ANN AN DA EARRAINN.

EADARTHEANGAICHTE GU GAELIC, LE

G. CLEIREACH,

MINISTEIR CHILLE-MHAILLIBH.

GLASCHO:

CLOBHUAILTE LE GILLEASBUIG MAC-NA-CEARDADH,
62 SRAID EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

1868.

AN SEANN, SEANN SGEUL.

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A' CHEUD EARRANN.

AN SGEUL AIR 'FHARRAID.

Inn's dbomh an Sgeul, an Seann, Seann Sgeul

Mu nithean nèamhaidh, àrd—

Mu Iosa, 'us a mhòrdhalachd—

Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.

'Us dean an Sgeul réidh, soilleir dhomh,

Mar dh' iarradh leanabh òg ;

Oir tha mi mall 's an inntinn,

Trìd truail'eachd, 'us cion-treoir.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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PART I.—THE STORY WANTED.

Tell me the old, old, Story,
Of unseen things above ;—
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love.

Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child ;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

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Le socair shèimh dean 'aithris dhomh,
 'S gu-n tog mi seadh, 'us brìgh
 An Sgeòil a tha cho iongantach
 Mu'n t-saorsa 'tha tré Chrìosd.

Fòs, aithris dhomh gu minic e,
 'S mo chuimhne air bheag stà—
 Tha òg-dhealt maoth na madainne
 A' tiormachadh gach là.

Seadh, innis air mhodh drùigh teach e,
 Gu ciùin agus gu fòil;
 Oir 's mise féin am peacach sin
 Air am bheil Ios' 'an tòir.

An Sgeul so luaidh a ghnàth dhomh,
 Ma 's àill leat gu-m bi sìth
 'An àm na trioblaid, 'us na teinn
 A' gàbhail tàimh 'am chrìdh'.

Tell me the Story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful Redemption,
 God's Remedy for sin!

Tell me the Story often,
 For I forget so soon!
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon!

Tell me the Story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember, I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the Story always
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.

'San aon Seann Sgeul dean aithris dhomh,
 An uair tha aobhar fiamh,
 Gu-m bheil an saoghal carach so
 'G am mhealladh le a mhiann.

Seadh, 's 'n uair bhios Glòir an t-saoghail ud
 A' dealradh orm o 'n àird,
 An Seann, Seann Sgeul dean innseadh dhomh,
 "'Tha Ios' 'g ad dheanamh slàn."

AN DARA H-EARRANN.

AN SGEUL AIR 'INNSEADH.

Tha thu 'farraid dhìom an Sgeòil
 Mu nithean nèamhaidh, àrd—
 Mu Iosa, 'us a mhòrdhalachd,
 Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.

Tell me the same old Story,
 When you have cause to fear,
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that World's Glory
 Shall dawn upon my soul,
 Tell me the old, old Story,
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole "

PART II.—THE STORY TOLD.

You ask me for "the Story
 Of unseen things above;—
 Of Jesus and His Glory,
 Of Jesus and His Love."

Tha thu 'g iarraidh 'n Sgeòil 'tha aosd',
 Cha dean ni eile stà:
 'S cha-n iòghnadh leams' do dhéigh air,
 'S e 'n Sgeul 'tha ùr a ghnàth.

Is tric bu mhiannach leamsa
 Gu-n innst' e dhomh gach tràth;
 Cha-n fhàsainn sgìth a dh' éisdeachd ris
 Gu crìch mo ré, 's mo là.

Ach ciamar 's urrainn dhomhsa
 An Sgeul a chur 'an céill,
 Mar thàinig Criosd g' ar tèarnadh
 O pheacadh 'us o phéin?

Eisd, 's ni mi mar dh' fheudas mi:
 'Dhé cuidich sinn le d' ghràs,
 'Us thoir do 'n t-Seann, Sheann Sgeula so
 Mòr éifeachd 'chum ar slàint'.

You want "the old, old Story,"
 And nothing else will do !
 Indeed I cannot wonder,
 It always seems so new !

I often wish that some one
 Would tell it me, each day ;
 I never should get tired
 Of what they had to say.

But I am wasting moments !
 Oh ! how shall I begin
 To tell "the old, old Story,"
 How Jesus saves from sin ?

Listen, and I will tell you ;
 God help both you and me,
 And make "the old, old Story"
 His Message unto thee !

O chian chuir Dia 's a' ghàradh ud,
'Bha maiseach, agus àill',

Càraid shona, ionraic

Làn shaor o pheacadh, 's cràdh.

Mo chreach! cha d' fhan iad dìleas;

An t-aon ni 'dhìt an àithn'

Mhiannaich, ghlac, 'us bhlais iad dh'e,

'S gu grad thàin' orr' am Bàs.

Gidheadh, 'n a iochd 's 'n a thrècaireachd,

Chuir Dia fadheòidh 'an céill,

Gu-m feudt' an duine 'shàbhaladh

O'n Bhàs 'thug e air féin.

O shìol na mnà gu-n éireadh Laoch

'Bhiodh neartmhor, gaisgeil, naomh,

A sgriosadh oibre Shàtain,

'S a thèarnadh clann nan daoine'.

Once, in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.

But oh! they disobeyed Him!
The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted;
They ate it, and—they died!

Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared!

For one of Eve's descendants,
Not sinful, like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
And man be saved and blest!

Araon 'n a Mhac do dh' Adhamh,
 'S 'n a Mhac do'n Ti a's àird',
 Gu-n coisneadh saorsa bhuadhmhor
 O pheacadh, truaighe, 's Bàs.

Chaidh ceudan bliadhna thairis orr',
 Thuit Adhamh, 's Eubh 's an uaigh,
 'Us linn air linn 'n an deaghaidh-san
 Air nach 'eil feum 'bhi 'luaidh.

Fadheòidh an uair bha Buachaillean
 A mach ri fair' an treud,
 Fhuair iad fàth ioghnaidh, 's geilt 'san oidhch'
 Le dealradh soills' 's an spur;

B' e aingeal naomh o nèamh nam buadh
 A chuireadh nuas o'n àird',
 A dh'innseadh dhoibh an Sgeòil 'tha fìor
 Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.

He should be son of Adam,
 But Son of God as well,
 And bring a full Salvation
 From sin, and death, and hell

Hundreds of years were over;
 Adam and Eve had died,
 The following generation,
 And many more beside.

At last, some shepherds watching
 Beside their flocks, at night,
 Were startled in the darkness
 By strange and heavenly Light.

One of the holy Angels
 Had come from Heaven above,
 To tell the true, true Story,
 Of Jesus and His Love.

Thug e dhoibh Sgeul mhòr-aoibhneis—

Sgeul ait na Slàint' 's na Sìth—

'N diugh rugadh Crìosd, 'ur Slànuighear,
'Am Betle'm, baile 'n Rìgh.'

'S ghrad thùirling aingle 'n lìonmhoireachd

A thog an Sgeul, 's a luaidh,

'Do Dhia biodh cliù 'us glòir an àird,
Sìth, 's deadh-ghean do gach sluagh.'

'S an robh e Fìor an Sgeula sin?

Do'n bhaile ghreas iad sìos,

Fhuair iad anns a' phrasaich e,

'Us dh'aithnich gu'm b' e Crìosd.

Thàin' es' a ghealladh fad o chian

Le Dia nan gràs 's na glòir,'

A thèarnadh pheacach cailte;

Seadh, thàinig e fadheòidh.

He came to bring "glad tidings:"

"You need not, must not, fear;

For Christ, your new-born Saviour,

Lies in the village near!"

And many other angels

Took up the Story then;

"To God on High be Glory,

Good-will, and Peace, to men."

And was it true—that Story?

They went at once to see,

And found him in a manger,

And knew that it was He.

He whom the Father promised,

So many ages past,

Had come to save poor sinners;

Yes, He had come at last!

Le tlachd, 'us annsachd chaidh e 'n dàil
 Obair na slàinte mhòir,
 Ged b' aithne dha o shìorruidheachd
 Cia lìon a pian, 's a bròn.

Bha 'bheatha naomh, làn-fhoirfe,
 Bha gràdh 'n a uile smaoin,
 Mar dhearbh gach gnìomh a rinn e
 Do Dhia 's do dhaoin' faraon.

'N a chor bha e ro iriosal,
 Fear-oibre 's e bha ann;
 'Us deuchainean an duine bhochd
 'S làn aithne dha 's gach àm.

Trì bliadhn' roi 'chrìch rinn mìorbhuilean,
 Làn cumhachd agus gràidh,
 'Us thréigeadh ùin' mu-n innsinn dhuit
 Cia lìon a rinn e slàn.

He was "content to do it,"
 To seek and save the lost,
 Although He knew beforehand—
 Knew all that it would cost.

He lived a life most holy;
 His every thought was Love,
 And every action showed it,
 To man, and God above.

His path in life was lowly;
 He was a "Working-Man:"
 Who knows the poor man's trials
 So well as Jesus can?

His last three years were lovely!
 He could no more be hid;
 And time and strength would fail me
 To tell the good He did.

Airgiod no òr cha d' thug e dhòibh;
 Bha e gun nì, gun stór;
 Ach cumhachd beatha 's bàis bha aig',
 'S na mairbh gu-n tug e beò.

Bha e co sheirceil, chaoimhneil
 'S gu-m b'e a thlachd 's a spéis
 'Bhi 'tabhairt saors' o thruaighe
 O mhoch gu luidhe gréin'.

Bha aige pailteas ùine
 Air son gach tinn, 'us bochd;
 'S cia b'e co saoithreach, chlaoidhte
 Mi-fhoighid riamh cha d' nochd.

Gach sgeula bròin ghnàth dh' éisd e
 Le aire chàirdeil, chaoimh;
 'S gach uallach trioblaid, peacaidh, 's cràidh
 Thog dhiubh gu farasd', sèimh.

He gave away no money,
 For He had none to give;
 But He had power of healing,
 And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly!
 It seemed His heart's delight
 To make poor people happy,
 From morning until night!

He always seemed at leisure
 For every one who came:
 However tired or busy,
 They found Him "just the same."

He heard each tale of sorrow
 With an attentive ear,
 And took away each burden
 Of suffering, sin, or fear.

E féin ‘ ‘n a dhuine dhoilghiosan,’
 ‘N uair ‘leighis e an leòn,
 Bha e mar bhràthair tairisneach
 D’ am b’ aithne cràdh, ‘us bròn.

So Mac an duine, Iosa Criosd,
 Caraid nam peacach truagh;
 Ach feuch! Tha ‘n Sgeul ‘fàs tiamhaidh,
 O! ‘s cianail ‘bhi ‘g a luaidh.

An t-Iosa beannaicht’ caomhail so,
 Gun smal, gun lochd ‘bhi ann,
 Ghlacadh le làmhnan aingidh e,
 ‘Us cheusadh e ri crann.

Seall, seall a suas, ma ‘s urrainn thu,
 Air Criosd ‘n a bhàs, ‘s na phéin;
 O bhonn a’ Chroinn feuch! coimhead air,
 ‘O! coimhead air Uan Dhé.’

He was “a Man of Sorrows!”
 And when He gave relief,
 He gave it like a Brother,
 “Acquainted with” the “grief.”
 Such was “The Man Christ Jesus!”
 The Friend of sinful man!
 But hush! the tale grows sadder:
 I’ll tell it—if I can!

This gentle, holy Jesus,
 Without a spot or stain,
 By wicked hands was taken,
 And crucified, and slain!
 Look! look!—if you can bear it—
 Look at your dying Lord!
 Stand near the Cross and watch Him:
 “Behold the Lamb of God!”



Le tàirgnean chaidh a reubadh,
 Gun choimeas bha a chràdh;
 'S tha daoine borba, cruaidh-chridheach
 Ri luathghàir 'n a gheur-spàirn.

Le gàire fanoid deir iad ris,
 'O 'n chrann thig 'nis a nuas,
 Saor thu féin o fhulangas,
 Ma 's tu ceann-feadhn' nam buadh.'

C'arson a dh' éisd e 'n sgeig, 's an tàir?
 Nach b'e an Dia 'bha treun,
 Do 'm b' fhurasd' sgrios 'thoirt air gach nàmh
 Le àithne o a bheul?

An sgrios gu buileach b' fhurasd' dha;
 Ach innseam dhuit cia 'm fàth
 Nach b' àill leis deanamh riù mar so,
 Ach géilleachdainn do 'n bhàs.

His Hands and Feet are pierced,
 He cannot hide His Face;
 And cruel men "stand staring,"
 In crowds, about the place.

They laugh at Him and mock Him!
 They tell Him to "come down,"
 And leave that Cross of suffering,
 And change it for a Crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?
 Was He "the Mighty God?"
 And could He have destroyed them
 With one Almighty word?

Yes, Jesus could have done it;
 But let me tell you why
 He would not use His power,
 But chose to stay and die.

Mar *Urras* oirnne chaidh e 'm boinn,
 Sheas air arson, 's 'n ar n-àit';
 'S dhìol e gu léir ar fiachan tròm,
 Air crann na ceusd', 's na nàir'.

Air son ar peacaidh dh' fhuiling e;
 Seadh, strìochd do'n bhàs fadheòidh;
 'S ni h-e ar cionta-ne a mhàin,
 Ach ciont' nan uile shlògh.

'S a nis tha 'n obair crìochnaichte;
 Do'n pheacach tha làn shaors';
 A chionn air Crìosd, am Fìreanach,
 Gu-n d' leagadh peacadh dhaoin'.

O! 'n t-saorsa 'tha ro iongantach!
 An t-saorsa 'tha o Dhia!
 Tha dorus Nèimh dhuit fosgailte;
 Do bheatha steach, ma's miann!

He had become our "Surety;"
 And what we could not pay,
 He paid instead, and for us,
 On that one dreadful day?

For our sins He suffered;
 For our sins He died;
 And "not for ours only,"
 But "all the world's" beside!

And now, the work is "finished!"
 The sinner's debt is paid!
 Because on "Christ the Righteous"
 The sin of all was laid.

O wonderful Redemption!
 God's Remedy for sin!
 The Door of Heaven is open,
 And you may enter in!

Oir dh'fhuasgail Dia ar n-Urras-ne,
 Gu crìoch na h-oibre 'luaidh :
 'S tha aiseirigh ar Tighearn' Ios'
 Ag inns' gu-n tug e buaidh.

Fòs chaidh e suas gu buadhmhor, àrd,
 'Us shuidh air Cathair glòir',
 Gu 'bhi 'na Phrionns 's 'n a Shlànuighfhear,
 'S a ghabhail oirne còir.

'S thug e d' a shluagh mu-n 'dhealaich iad
 Caomh-ghealladh aìt na sìth,
 An Co-Fhurtair 'bhi maille riu
 Ré 'm beatha gus a' chrìoch.

Tha 'n Spiorad Naomh ro ghràsmhor so
 'Nis làimh ruinn gach aon uair,
 Ullamh an *diugh* a sheòladh dhuinn
 Na slighe bhed' us nuaidh.

For God released our "Surety,"
 To show the work was done;
 And Jesus' Resurrection
 Declared the victory won!

And now he has ascended,
 And sits upon the Throne,
 "To be a Prince and Saviour,"
 And claim us for His own.

But when He left His people,
 He promised them to send
 "The Comforter," to teach them,
 And guide them, to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit
 Is with us to this day,
 And ready now to teach us
 The "New and Living Way."

'S e so an Seann, Seann Sgeula:

An e do shlàint' s do mhiann,
An t-saorsa so 'tha iongantach,
An t-saorsa 'tha o Dhia?

'N ad *chridhe* 'n e a's creideamh dhuit?

An *creid* gur *fior* an Sgeul,
Saors' 'an tairgs' gach easaontaich,
'S mar so 'an tairgs' dhuit féin?

'N sin glac an t-shlàinte shòlasach;
Cha doichioll Criosd dhuit còir;
Creid, 'us tha thu 'gabhail ri,
Creid, 'us bi'dh tu beò.

'S ma thug an Sgeula soilleir so
A nis do d' anam sìth,
O! inns' an Seann, Seann Sgeula
Do 'n mhòran 'tha 'g a dhìth.

This is "the old, old Story;"

Say, Do you take it in—
This wonderful Redemption,
God's Remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it's true,
And meant for every sinner,
And, therefore, meant for you?

Then take this "Great Salvation;"
For Jesus loves to give!
Believe! and you receive it!
Believe! and you shall live!

And if this simple message
Has now brought peace to you,
Make known "the old, old Story,"
For others need it too.

Nochd do na h-uile dhaoine
 Gu-n d' fhuair thu Saors' o Chrìosd;
 Eigh ris gach aon de d' bhràithrean,
 "Air d' shonsa bhàsaich Crìosd'."

'S gèarr gus am faic ar sùilean e,
 'S 'n ar dachaidh ùir gu h-àrd
 An Seann, Seann Sgeul sior-sheinnidh sinn
 ' Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.'

Let everybody see it,
 That Christ has made you free;
 And if it sets them longing,
 Say, "Jesus died for thee!"

Soon, soon, our eyes shall see Him!
 And, in our Home above,
 We'll sing "the old, old Story
 Of Jesus and His Love!"



